Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*,
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth
And beare this worke of Heauen with patience:
But then a noyse did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Mariage her *Nurse* is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarryed by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
Where's *Romeos* man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same Monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah what made your Master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to dye and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?
See what a scourge is laid vpon your hate?
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with loue,

And

And I for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brase of Kinsmen, all are punisht.

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeos* by his Ladies lie,
Poore Sacrifices of our enmitie.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Goe hence to haue more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more woe,
Then this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.